Mr. Parker Trifles with Powder.

Mr. Parker, besides being a philanthropist, is a scientist. He is interested in all the discoveries of the modern philosophers, from Polycarp P. Pillycamp down to those lately assembled at Nashville. Mr. Parker reads all the transactions of all the societies for the promulgation of This, That, and The Other, and discourses learnedly thereon. Yesterday Mr. Parker read that a lady had presented a paper before the Science Association in Nashville, in which, among other valuable things, she had suggested a method for the extermination of mosquitoes. "Take powder," said this estimable woman, "and place it in a shovel; close all the doors and windows of your room, and then explode the powder. The concussion will exterminate all the mosquitoes in the apartment."

"What a discovery!" said Mr. Parker, as he read, glowing with excitement, and emphasizing his remark with a resounding slap on the bald spot on top of his head, where one of the pests whose destruction he was meditating had established himself in business.

"Great guns!" continued he, "what a noble idea. So simple, so inexpensive, so easily applied. No complicated apparatus needed; only a shovel. Who is there that hasn't a shovel and a pound or two of powder? Where is there a grocer's shop at which one can not get powder? And only to think that this philanthropic invention should have been struck out, in a moment of inspiration, by a woman! Oh, woman!" said Mr. Parker, ecstatically, "in our hours of ease, uncertain, coy, and hard to please, but when mosquitoes nip the brow, a fierce, destroying angel thou!" At the conclusion of this apostrophe to woman, Mr. Parker, seizing his shovel in his right hand, and pointed it toward heaven, and, assuming the attitude of Liberty Enlightening the World, shouted "Tableau!" in a loud voice. Then he went out and bought two pounds of powder.

When Mr. Parker returned to his room he made elaborate preparations. He closed the windows carefully, and, to secure the best results, stuffed cotton in all the cracks, then he shut all the doors and locked them. After he had finished those arrangements he glanced about the room.

Two fat mosquitoes sat leering at him from the top of his book-case. All was calm without; through the closed windows came the muffled hum of the city's myriad activities. The wail of a peripatetic glazier could be faintly heard, and his pathetic "glass puddin'" sounded like a prophecy. The sun shone brightly, the birds sang sweetly, the waters of the bay danced to the fluting of the breeze. Within all was silence and expectation. "Aha!" said Mr. Parker, pouring the powder into the shovel and perhaps fancying himself a modern Guy Fawkes—"s'death, odds bodkins, cuitiffs, thine hour has come" (he was addressing the mosquitoes), "thy shrift shall be a short one. Marry come up, by my halidom!" By this time the shovel was full of powder, and dropping his character of conspirator Mr. Parker rubbed his hands cheerfully together and began to hunt for a match. At last he found one; he scratched it upon the wall, but before he applied it he thought of a passage from Orpheus. "Just the thing," said he, "for a funeral oration. "I'll give it to 'em." Then, keeping one eye on the fat mosquito and the other on the match, he said: "I have placed my hand in the hamper. I have tasted the sacred barley. I have beaten the drum. I have said 'konox ompax, and it is finished.'" Mr. Parker touched the match to the powder——!!!!!!! It was finished.

As the policeman conducted Mr. Parker through the streets half an hour after the explosion the boys thought the tattooed man had been arrested for getting drunk, to such an extent had the epidermical administration of powder changed the philanthropic countenance of Mr. Parker.

"What have you to say, sir, against the charge of attempting to blow up the city?" asked the stern Sergeant in the station-house.

"It was a great surprise to me, sir," said Mr. Parker, in a dazed manner, "and I have no doubt it was a surprise to the mosquitoes."

"What can the man mean? Take him to the deepest dungeon 'neath"——

"Ef ye please, Sergeant, I knows this gent. 'E is a scientific gent, an' was a trying an experiment w'en it went off, sir." The speaker had a box full of glass on his back; it was the man whose "glass puddin'" had sounded like a prophecy.

"Saved!" said Mr. Parker.

The peripatetic glazier had a job which took him three days to finish.—*New York World.*

THE TORTURES OF THIRST.

A Man Blows Out His Brains After a Long and Unsuccessful Search for Water.

[From the San Francisco Alta.]

The following extract, dated San Bernardino, gives an account of the search for Mr. Cornman:

After leaving here the party in search proceeded to the forks of the road, and thinking that he had probably taken the new stage road, chose that for their route and traveled it to Resting Springs, where they found he had left on Wednesday morning, the 15th ult. They retraced their steps to the station, seven miles, and making inquiries found that Cornman had remained there over night, and had inquired about the road of a man who was stopping there, and through whose ignorance he was misdirected, and started upon the Bitter Creek road instead of the new stage road as intended. Following the road he had been sent, the party found traces of him at Salt Springs, about 20 miles this side of the station, and again about five miles further on this side, where it was evident he had stopped and sat under a bush to rest. No further traces were found until they had traveled about 20 miles further; where they found he had left the road and ridden up on a point of rocks, with the apparent intention of looking around to see if there were any signs of water. At this point he left the road entirely, and started down a wash, where there were bushes growing and other indications of water. Finding no water, he endeavored to retrace his steps and return to the road, but had lost it. From this place he was traced some 20 miles further, wandering towards and away from the road, evidently without knowing where he was or in what direction he was going. He then made toward a canyon which he hoped would furnish him water, but was again disappointed, and here he rode his horse up another mountain for the purpose of reconnoissance, but no water was within reach He then returned toward the mouth of the canyon, stopping about one mile up, took the bridle off his horse and gave it a feed of barley, and lay down under a rock for the night. In the morning he wandered about a mile further down the canyon, apparently without any defined purpose, as his steps indicated that he was not in a sane state of mind. At this point he sat down again under a bush, and, fully realizing the horrible hopelessness of his position (a terrible lingering death, from which there was no possibility of escape), he put an end to his sufferings by shooting himself in the temple. Here he was found by the party as he fell, not having been mutilated by wild beasts, and was temporarily buried, until they can return and bring the body to town for burial.

The horse had become so gaunt from long fasting and fatigue that the saddle had slipped from his back, and the tracks around his dead master showed that the faithful beast had remained with him until his own necessities had driven him to seek water, and he started out on the desert, to perish from thirst. All the papers and personal effects of the deceased were found on him, but no word was left explaining his situation.

TOMATO SOUP.—Boil 3 pounds of lamb in 1 gallon of water, so that the meat will be in shreds and the water reduced one-half, and strain through a fine sieve; peel and cut up 2 quarts of fresh ripe tomatoes, add them to the liquor, stir very hard, and boil ½ hour; season with parsley, pepper and salt; strain again, and add a tablespoonful of butter and teaspoonful of white sugar; serve hot. Chicken broth is often preferred to the lamb; boil the chickens for dinner, and use the water in which they were boiled to make the soup.

—The Rubens Festival, held at Antwerp, August 19th—21st, was a great event. There were concerts, balls, processions, decorations, illuminations, and every thing that could add to the brilliancy of the *fete*.

What Becomes of the Big Villains?

The question, "What becomes of the pins?" is not half so interesting as the inquiry, What becomes of those notorious offenders that escape hanging by law or mob? Do they change their names, and, having sinned as Smith, do they die as Jones? Or if not, then what? There are caverns and dens and parlors for the reporter still to pry into with the intent of knowing who is there. What ever became of that preacher who beat his child to death for not saying aright its prayers? The child would pray until its little brain and terrified heart would make some error, and then its reverend father would beat the innocent thing for a half hour. When at last the disciple of Christ had gotten through with his method of instruction, his child was dead. The name of this most infamous man was Lindsay, and his home was in New York. Now, what has become of this once famous clergyman? Of course, if he is dead, all would know where he is; but is he dead? If so, who or what kindly killed him? and if not dead, where is he, and what would he now have to say to an interviewer were he asked about the best method of teaching men and children how to pray?

And there was that Richmond clergyman who made Indiana sick by a Sunday morning exploit which consisted in chaining his son to a post in a stable and then whipping him with a horsewhip, all for reading a novel. The father himself read sermons, and was not willing to have his son's mind corrupted with a romance. Hence this beating almost to death, of a Sunday morning. The police took the father to jail, but one may well be anxious to know whether this clergyman is still preaching, and whether he has had a D. D. conferred upon him by any learned university?

Old Lactantius, one of the Christian fathers, published a book once to show that all bloody men came to violent deaths. Our times need a similar kind of historian, for there is now a large number of names whose owners ought to have come by this time to a bad end, and about whose end, come or coming, something ought to be said. It is rather strange that those daily papers which send inquiries to the world's confines, and which employ men who would interview Satan himself if they could find his front door bell, are doing nothing toward keeping the world posted as to the final result of certain fellows of the baser sort.

While on this topic, what became of that Pittsburg preacher who used to throw hot coffee and sometimes a whole hot beefsteak into his wife's face? Does he still do so? If so, how does his second or third wife like such modes of expressing disapproval? What is the use of having morning papers if they will never tell their readers that some one of these fellows has been removed to another world? Some Lactantius of the present must show himself and make the hunting up of lost villains a specialty. The old Sunday-school books used to keep the world informed about the destiny of each bad boy, and the destiny was swift and frightful; but after Mark Twain found a few instances in which the good boy got drowned or burned or bitten, the study of the finality of bad boys fell off, and thus is the world without any adequate history of old or young rascals at large.

Murder will indeed out, but once it has gotten out the zeal over it suddenly dies. The affair becomes as empty as a guessed conundrum. Thus all crimes are huge when first seen, but all men who commit them and who barely escape the mob become wonderfully invisible after a time. Nothing about them will ever out afterward. Exceptional cases occur. Mr. Harlowe Case, who enticed a Mrs. Frances from her home and who attempted to plant a Mohammedan heaven with the beauty on the island of Ceylon, found the sequel to his flight too large for his own bosom, and he wrote a full confession to a leading paper of this city, but he then disappeared from sight, and what became of the man who ruined two happy homes all the reporters have forgotten to inquire.

May it not be that there is a disposition in reporters and letter-writers to let alone those who, having once committed some great wrong, are seen to be living in obscurity? Perhaps, when they find upon some farm or in some menial office a man who once murdered a fellow or once forged a note, the kinder feeling prevails and their pens pass by the incident without remark. If so, the public ignorance about these notorious ones may be a proof of the public kindness. The more probable explanation may perhaps be found in the fact that the new conceals the old. Spencer conceals Allen, Allen conceals Winslow; and the man is now opening a bank, perhaps, who will throw a veil over Spencer. Under the interest that attaches to a new thief, the old thief escapes. Be these things all as they may, it would still be a thrilling chapter or book could some Stanley explore this dark country and find how are living or have died those persons who once were fully infamous.—*Prof. Swing's Alliance.*

Child Love and Faith.

About three years ago, says the Virginia (Nev.) *Enterprise*, a gentleman of this city went East on a visit to his old home. One of his brothers there had a bright and beautiful little son, not yet two years of age. The boy—little Benny—soon became strongly attached to his "Uncle Ben, from Washoe," whose namesake he was. Uncle Ben often took the little fellow in his arms in the summer evenings, and, seated in the porch, talked him to sleep. At such times, he would point out the evening star, telling the boy that far, far away, just under that star, was his home. The child would look long at the star, then for as long gaze up in the face of his uncle, as though thinking on what a bright and beautiful place his home must be. At last the day come when Uncle Ben was to leave for his home in the far West. Little Benny knew this as well as any one about the house, and, with both eyes and ears, was on the alert. He would not allow his uncle to be a minute out of his sight. Several results on the part of Uncle Ben to steal away resulted in such fits of crying that he was obliged to return and soothe the child. However, the child, wearied with crying and watching, at last fell asleep in his uncle's arms. When the boy awoke Uncle Ben was far away. Long the boy looked for his uncle, and often called his name. Many times of evenings he was found gazing earnestly at the bright star that stood as a guard over his uncle's home. As he grew, his love of the star deepened, and he talked more and more of it and of his uncle, both so far away at the edge of the sky. Even when three years had passed, and Benny was nearly five years old, his belief in the story told him by his uncle continued. Poor boy! another year was never added to his age. It was his fate to die a fearful death. By accident he was scalded over nearly his whole body, and lived but four hours. He seemed to read in the faces of the dear ones about him that he must soon die. He bore his pain manfully, only uttering an occasional moan. As the shades of evening deepened he was seen to turn his face anxiously towards the window of his room. At last he asked: "Is it there—the star?" He was told that the star was there and shining brightly. Feebly he said: "Take me to the window." He was carried to the window. A smile lighted up his face as he said: "Ah, there it is! Now I can find the way to Uncle Ben—I can see his star!" He closed his eyes as though wearied. The smile faded out of his face. One moan, as he was laid on his bed, and the light of his life had gone out and up to meet and mingle with that of the star he so long had watched and loved.

A DETROIT surgeon was the other day called to go up the river and give his professional services to a man who was accidentally shot by a friend while practicing at target-firing, and yesterday the doctor was met on the street by a friend who asked: "Well, you went up and saw that man, did you?" "Yes." "And where was he shot?" "In the lumbar region," answered the surgeon. "Oh, in the lumber region, was it? Why, how did they get him down from the pineries so quick?" Then the doctor lumbered along towards home.—*Free Press.*

—A man recently wrote to the officials of the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad "for a chance to run on the road." He was told he could "run on the road" as much as he liked if he would only keep out of the way of the trains.